

# EIGHTBALL





# EIGHTBALL



Cloves

# EIGHTBALL

MAINTAINING AN ICY DISTANCE BETWEEN ARTIST AND READER SINCE 1989



**I'M SURE  
I WOULDN'T  
KNOW!**

SO DANIEL,  
CAN I WRITE A LOVE LETTER TO  
SHIR? GOD, SHE IS THE TOTAL SHIT. IF  
YOU WRITE HER NAME BACKWARDS, IT  
SPELS DANE, BUT I GUESS YOU AL-  
READY KNOW THAT... IS THE HOT A  
WAGE CRUSH ON HER DOES THAT MEAN  
IT'S YOU THAT I TRULY HAVE FEELINGS  
FOR?

DELIA BONIALEZ  
NEW YORK, NY

DEAR MR. CLOWES,

I'M AN ART SCHOOL STUDENT  
INTERESTED IN COMICS WHOSE ALL-MALE  
COMIC BOOK CLASS PROPOSED THAT I  
POSE AS THE DAZZLER IN A SPAN-  
DEX JUMPSUIT FOR THEM.

CHRISTY MCCAFFREY  
PROVIDENCE, RI

DANNY,

COME ON, FOUR BUCKS? I CAN  
STILL GET A FULL MEAL IN THIS TOWN FOR  
THAT KIND OF DASH... (MAY I RECOM-  
MEND MAN TO VIM & ON DAME? ED.)  
I CAN STILL CATCH A MATINEE FOR  
THAT, DANNY.

BODIE CONNOLLY  
CHICAGO, IL

DEAR EIGHTBALL STAFF,

IT SEEMS CLEAR THAT THE READ-  
ERS AND CREATORS OF YOUR MAGAZINE  
CONSENT LARGELY OF SOCIETY'S PSEUDO-  
VICTIMS: PEOPLE WHO THINK THE WORLD  
HAS GIVEN THEM A SHIT LIFE PURELY BE-  
CAUSE THEY HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO DEVELOP  
THE SOCIAL GENIUS TO INTERACT WITH THOSE  
AROUND THEM. WELL READERS, YOUR GUC-  
CESS IS WIDESPREAD IN TERMS OF INTER-  
ACTIVE SQUABBLING, NOT PERSONAL  
ACHIEVEMENTS. I HOPE THAT YOUR READ-  
ERS CAN BE HONEST ENOUGH TO REALIZE  
THAT THEIR "PEOPLE HATING" ATTITUDE IS  
UNWORTHY OF CREATIVE MINDS. I WISH  
YOU PROGRESSION.

ALEX WALLIS  
ENGLAND

DEAR MR. CLOWES,

THANK YOU SO MUCH! I FEEL  
LIKE A CELEBRITY! UNFORTUNATELY,  
I DON'T KNOW ANYONE ELSE WHO  
TRADES EIGHTBALL... I HATE ANGESER  
BUT I LOVE TOUGH, ESPECIALLY WHEN  
HE WAS LOOKING AT THOSE BUTT PUP-  
PIES IN NUMBER FOURTEEN.

NATALIE LAROS  
HIGHLAND MILLS, NY

## OPPOSITES ATTRACT



"Not quite, Mr. Pessimist. I'm  
saying that Hater's hus-  
band was half-jail."

## INSECT



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## POWERMASTER



"You'll get no help from  
me -- '80's caused your  
own problems, 'going man."

## THE LEPIDOPTERIST



"Excuse me, someone is using  
a bad pen in the next panel."

# GYNECOLOGY



THE MOVING EYE, FLUTTERING RANDOMLY, ALIGHTS ON THIS ARBITRARY MAN. IMMEDIATELY WE NOTICE HIS MANNERED, IMPRECISE STYLE; THE SUIT THAT, THROUGH NO FAULT OF ITS OWN, FAILS TO EVOKE A RUMPLED WILLIAM BENDIS...



ACCORDING TO OFFICIAL RECORDS, HIS NAME (AS OF 4/8/86) IS EPPS. HAVING EXCISED HIS FIRST NAME ON THAT DATE.



MOREOVER, IS THIS TENSENESS JUSTIFIED? WHAT SORT OF MAN IS OUR EPPS?



YOU WILL NOTICE A SUDDEN LURCH-- IS IT BECAUSE OF THE THUNDER? THE WOMAN'S HOT? THE ARCHITECTURE?



AT THIS EXACT MOMENT ELEVEN YEARS AGO HE IS ON THE MAKE, FEIGNING ASEXUALITY TO WIN THE FAVOR OF TWO BEAUTIFUL, SEXUALLY AMBIGUOUS WOMEN...



THIS PERSONA HAS BEEN DEVELOPED BY EPPS AS A MEANS TO GAIN ENTRANCE INTO THE LIVES OF COOL, AGGRESSIVE WOMEN (HIS PREFERRED TYPE).



IT WORKS, BUT ONLY TO A POINT. HE CAN NEVER TAKE THE NEXT STEP WITHOUT FATAALLY BETRAYING HIS ADOPTED CHARACTER. AFTER NINE MONTHS OF TRIAL AND ERROR HE WILL GIVE UP AND TRY SOMETHING NEW.



BUT THIS ALONE DOESN'T TELL US ANYTHING, BETTER TO START AT THE BEGINNING...



OUR EPPS APPEARS TO BE A QUIET CHILD, BORN OF MODEST MEANS... HERE'S SOMETHING: HE HAS A MENTALLY DEFICIENT OLDER BROTHER WHO GETS ALL THE ATTENTION...



HE IS SOMETHING OF A COLLECTOR AND HAS ON PREDILECT DISPLAY A COMPLETE SET OF "DR. DISGUISE" FIGURES. HE CHANGES THE COSTUMES WEEKLY... HE ALSO HAS A MILD FASCINATION WITH NAZI GERMANY...



IN LATE ADOLESCENCE, A SWEDISH STEPFATHER ENTERS THE PICTURE. DISDAINFUL OF YOUNG EPPS (KNOWN THEN AS RAYMOND).



THIS HATEFUL MAN WILL ONE DAY PAY FOR EPPS TO GO TO ART SCHOOL AND LATER SERVE AS AN ALL-PURPOSE SCAPEGOAT.



SEVERAL YEARS AFTER ART SCHOOL: AFTER ASEXUALITY. AFTER MORBID VULGARITY, AFTER THE JOE LUNCH-PAIL COMMON MAN PHASE, EPPS DEVELOPS A NEW PERSONALITY.



HE READS CHESTER HIVES AND MALCOLM X AND LISTENS ATTENTIVELY TO AMLES, MONK, ETC. HE TEMPORARILY WINS THE HEART OF A WOMAN NAMED BONITA (BUNNY) WHO ONCE SANG A MELODY FROM "THE WIZ" AT A HIGH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY...



SHE JOKINGLY CHIDES HIM (IN THE VOICE OF HER GRANDMOTHER) FOR ACTING NIGGERISH. HE USES HEROIN BUT NEVER MANAGES TO GET ADDICTED.



AFTER SIX WEEKS SHE LEAVES HIM AND BEGINS SYSTEMATICALLY DATING HIS FRIENDS.



ON WHAT A BRITTLE THREAD DOES THE LIFE OF A MAN HANG!



\* ACTUALLY A NON-DRIVER IDENTITY CARD. EPPO DOESN'T DRIVE.





IS OUR HERO SIMPLY A BASHFUL TRANSVESTITE, TAKING THIS ANNUAL OPPORTUNITY TO BUY WITHOUT SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS?



AFTER SELECTING A NEW ENSEMBLE, HE MOVES ON TO THE MEN'S SECTION...







THIS IS CLAUDETTE. WE MET HER BRIEFLY IN THE RESTAURANT. SHE HAS THE KIND OF OBSESSION (IN THIS CASE, FOR DR. TEN BOOM) THAT IS SELDOM SEEN OUTSIDE OF MADE-FOR-TV MOVIES...

HER CHILDHOOD WAS NOT UNUSUAL. HER PROBLEMS (IF THEY ARE IN FACT PROBLEMS) ARE POSSIBLY NEUROLOGICAL IN ORIGIN...



FROM HER ADOLESCENT HOME LIFE, CLOUDED BY THE STRANGE DYNAMIC BETWEEN FATHER AND MOTHER, AN OVERDEVELOPED FANTASY LIFE BEGINS.



AT NINETEEN SHE HAD HAD NO SEXUAL EXPERIENCE, AND HAD NOT YET BEGUN MENSTRUATION, POSSIBLY THROUGH SHEER WILL POWER.



AGAINST THE INSISTENCE OF HER MOTHER, HER FATHER TAKES HER TO SEE A GYNECOLOGIST, OR TEN BOOM. THIS REMAINS THE ONLY VIOLATION OF HER WOMANLY PLANS TO DATE.



THE OBSESSION (SUCH AS IT IS) HAS BLOSSOMED FROM THAT MOMENT; QUIETLY, AT FIRST...

TURNING CONFRONTATIONAL ONLY IN THE LAST YEAR AND ONLY THEN IN REGARD TO MRS. TEN BOOM, FOR WHOM SHE HOLDS A FRUSTRATING, HOSTILE EMPATHY.

TO CLAUDETTE, OUR EPPE IS AN ALLY: AN ANGEL OF COMPASSIONATE TEN BOOM DIVISION... OR PERHAPS SOMETHING MORE?





FROM THERE, BUNNY TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY TO RETELL THE ANECDOTE ABOUT HER FATHER AS A YOUNG MAN. EPPS RECOGNIZED IT THE FIRST TIME AS HAVING BEEN LIFTED ALMOST VERBATIM FROM A SPEECH BY GODFREY CAMBRIDGE IN 'THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYST' BUT DECIDES AS BEFORE TO KEEP THIS TO HIMSELF.



IN STRAINING TO CONCEAL HIS EMBARRASSMENT, A MAGIC FIRING OF GYNAPSES BRINGS TO MIND THE LAST TIME HIS PAINTINGS WERE HELD ON DISPLAY (DURING A 20THKO PHASE, AT A POST-6820 UATION EXHIBIT).



FOR SOME REASON, A SEMI-FAMOUS CRITIC IS IN ATTENDANCE, AND YOUNG EPPE IS FLUSHED WITH UNREALISTIC HOPEFULNESS...



MIDWAY THROUGH THE EVENING, LIEBERMAN (WHO YOU KNOW) AND A MR. PEACH (KNOWN TO ALL AS AN UNEPENTANT MARTINEBATOR) PASTE A PORNOGRAPHIC PICTURE OVER ONE OF THE SENSITIVE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY A FORMER CLASSMATE.



THE SHOW IS NOT GOING WELL. THE CROWD THING EARLY ON AND THOSE WHO REMAIN ARE DRUNK.



SOMEHOW, THE ART CRITIC IS STILL THERE, STARRING INTENTLY AT PEACH AND LIEBERMAN'S PASTED ON IMAGE...



HE CONTINUES STARRING, LOOKING BACK AND FORTH AT THE PICTURE AND ITS TITLE "MY STRUGGLE" BY JULIE BACON.



SABINE AND EPPE MET WHEN SHE RESPONDED TO AN AD THAT READ: "FEM. FIG. MODEL WANTED FOR FINE ARTIST/PAINTER. ALLTYPES. LV. MSG."

SHE HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT OF HERSELF AS A GLAMOROUS, UNUSUAL WOMAN AND THIS WAS JUST THE SORT OF CONFIRMATION SHE NEEDED. FROM AN ARTIST YET.



TO EPPS. THIS AD HAD BEEN NO MORE THAN A CHEAP  
PLOY TO MEET BRAZEN WOMEN...



IN ANOTHER NIGHT, AS THEY WATCH A LOW-BUDGET  
ART FILM MADE BY A FRIEND OF A FRIEND, EPPS  
NOTICES SOMETHING...



HE LOOKS INTO THE VERY SAME WIN-  
DOW, ABOVE A SUSPICIOUS BODEGA,  
THAT HAD ONCE SHED LIGHT ON THE  
STUDIO APARTMENT OF A BELOVED  
GIRLFRIEND...



SHE FALLS ASLEEP AFTER THEIR  
FIRST AND ONLY SEXUAL CON-  
GRESS AS EPPS SITS, BREATHLESS  
IN RAPTUROUS CONTEMPLATION...



WITHIN AN HOUR OF WITHDRAWAL, HIS EYES BEGIN TO  
ITCH, HE STARTS COUGHING; HIS LUNGS CONTRACT...  
IS IT HER PILLOW (THE FEATHERS?) OR HER CAT?



HE WRITES A NOTE (THE ONE TIME HE WOULD WRITE  
'LOVE' AND MEAN IT) AND LEAVES, NEVER IMAGINING  
THAT HE WOULD NOT BE INVITED BACK...



HE REMEMBERS A  
PAINTING DONE  
DURING THAT TIME...



SLOWLY, A VISCIDUS LOATHING CORTS  
OVER HIS MEMORIES, SPARING NOTHING:  
THE PAINTING, THE GIRLFRIEND... "IF  
I KNEW THEN WHAT I KNOW NOW,"  
HE THINKS...



# CHAPTER TWO

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, EPPS' MOTHER AND STEP-FATHER DIED (OF BACTERIAL MENINGITIS) LEAVING HIM A MODEST INHERITANCE. WHAT WILL HE DO WHEN THIS MONEY RUNS OUT? GET A JOB? MARRY A RICH WIDOW? BECOME A FAMOUS ARTIST?

... AND WHAT OF DOCTOR TEN ROOM?





AT THAT VERY MOMENT, SOMEWHERE IN FINLAND, EPPS' TRUE LOVE (THE GIRL ABOVE THE BODEGA) IS GIVING BIRTH TO HER FIRST CHILD.



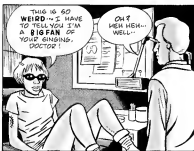
HER HUSBAND, AFTER WITNESSING THE DELIVERY, IS UNABLE TO HAVE SEX WITH HER FOR 18 MONTHS. DURING THIS TIME SHE WRITES IN HER HEAD LETTERS OF APOLOGY TO FORMER SEXUAL PARTNERS.



IN BETTER TIMES, A SINGING GYNCOLOGIST MIGHT BE IGNORED BY THE PUBLIC, BUT FOR DOCTOR TEN BOOM THE CROWDS CONTINUE TO GROW...



IN ATTENDANCE ONCE AGAIN (LAST WEEK PRODDY DOYLES, THIS WEEK THE MARBLE ROOM) IS KAREN GHOSTLAW, A POPULAR SINGER.







TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO, ON A FRIDAY IN NOVEMBER, DR. TEN BOOM PERFORMED HIS FIRST EXAMINATION...



HE RECALLS THE FLUSH OF EUPHORIA, THE SWELL OF PROUD DOMINION OVER TENDER BIOLOGY...



HE REMEMBERS A DIGASTROIC ATTEMPT AT BEDSIDE HUMOR...





EPPS WAITS A BEAT, EXPECTING THE OBVIOUS FOLLOW-UP ("OF COURSE I DO") BUT A PHONE RINGS AND THE ACT IS LEFT UNCONSUMMATED.



SABINE HAD ALWAYS PICTURED HERSELF, A GLAMOROUS, UNUSUAL WOMAN, SETTLING ONE DAY INTO A CONVENTIONAL UPPER MIDDLE-CLASS EXISTENCE (WITH HUSBAND, VOLVO, ETC.) BUT CIRCUMSTANCE HAS PLAYED A CRUEL JOKE, LEAVING HER WITH AN UNWELDY ARRAY OF CONFLICTING TENDENCIES (FROM SHOWY, GUSHING EMPATHY TO INDIGNANT MARTYRDOM). (USUALLY IN THAT ORDER).









# CHAPTER THREE

THE ADS SOON BEGIN TO APPEAR, FOLLOWED BY A TIDAL WAVE OF IMITATORS—THERE ARE FEW, IF ANY, ON TECTORS. AFTER ALL, WHO WANTS TO LOOK FORLORN CRITICIZING WHAT IS CLEARLY AN IRONIC STATEMENT, INNOCENT OF BASE SENTIMENTS AND GLAMOROUS MOTIVES...

AROUND THIS TIME, FOUR PAGES IN **INSIDE PINK MAGAZINE** ARE DEVOTED TO "KAREN GHOST-LAW'S VASINA: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT"

FURTHERMORE, GABRIEL HAS LEFT SPDS FOR AN EFFEMINATE MAN, THE LOVE OF HER LIFE, WHO IS BEDRIDDEN WITH TERMINAL HEART PROBLEMS...



AREN'T GHOSTLAW'S PEOPLE SUE DR. TEN BOOM AND THERE IS AN OUT-OF-COURT SETTLEMENT...



CAN WE TALK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE, DOCTOR?



LOOK, I'M SORRY... I'VE GOT A LOT ON MY MIND... WE'LL TALK LATER...

DON'T LEAVE YET...



I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY POINT TO THIS, DARLING...



I JUST... IT'S LIKE I FEEL LIKE WHEN I WAS A KID AND MY STEP-FATHER USED TO TELL MY MOM SHE SHOULD...

OH PLEASE! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I DON'T WANT TO PLAY ANYMORE!



"WHEN THINGS WERE GOING GOOD YOU HAD ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD FOR ME, YOU SELFISH BITCH," THINKS EPPS. "WHAT KIND OF SELF-RESPECTING WOMAN WOULD MARRY A GYNECOLOGIST, ANYWAY? A MAN WHO LOOKS AT OTHER WOMEN'S PUSSIES ALL DAY... A MAN WHO CAN TURN OFF NATURAL HUMAN IMPULSES LIKE A LIGHT SWITCH WHENEVER HE FEELS LIKE IT..."



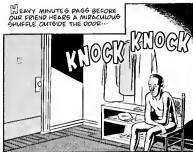
I SUPPOSE IT'S MY PROBLEM, DARLING... DON'T FEEL BAD.

THIS IS IT, EPPS THINKS. I'VE HAD MY TINY MOMENT OF SUCCESS... A GIRL ON EACH ARM, MONEY IN MY POCKET...

EPPS IMAGINES HIMSELF THE SPURNED HEROINE OF A VICTORIAN NOVEL, CRYING STAGEY, MELODRAMATIC TEARS...



IN FEW MINUTES PASS BEFORE OUR FRIEND HEARS A MIRACULOUS SHUFFLE OUTSIDE THE DOOR...



HIS SPIRIT LIFTS - "SHE DOES FEEL SORRY FOR ME AFTER ALL!"



IN THIS LUCID MOMENT, EPPS CONCENTRATES AND SEES THE WORLD WITH HARSH, OBJECTIVE CLARITY: ALL OF GOD'S CHILDREN ARE SIMPLE ANIMALS, OF NO MORE OR LESS INTEREST TO THE CLINICAL OBSERVER THAN A LEAF OR A CLAMHELL...

HE HIMSELF, OF COURSE, IS THE EXCEPTION. HIS PERSONAL HISTORY CASCADES BEFORE HIM AS A PATTERNLESS COMPLEX OF CONFLICTING PHRASES AND TANGENTIAL NOTIONS, DEFINING A HUMAN NARRIX 40 UNFATHOMABLY OBSCURE AS TO YIELD AN INFINITE NUMBER OF CORRECT INTERPRETATIONS...

EPPS FEELS A DULL ACHES BEHIND HIS TEMPLES. HE OPENS HIS MOUTH AND LOOKS TO THE MIRROR BUT SEES ONLY THE HANDSOME BLUR OF A TRAGIC, MISUNDERSTOOD GENIUS





AFTER A CONCERT IN MIAMI, KAREN SHOSTALIN IS KILLED BY A BACKSTAGE AVAIL BOMB. (ALAS, I HAVE NO CONTROL OVER SUCH THINGS (ONLY THE WEATHER, EARTHQUAKES, WHIRLPOOLS, VOLCANOS, ETC.))



DR. TEN BOOM QUILTS SYNCOLOGY AND MRS. TEN BOOM IS, FROM THAT POINT ON, A FAITHFUL WIFE...



CLAUDETTE IS SENT TO DEATH ROW WHERE SHE BEGINS A ROMANTIC CORRESPONDENCE WITH A HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH TEACHER...



BUNNY AND LIEBERMAN HAVE A CHILD...



FOR SEVERAL WEEKS DR. TEN BOOM HOVERS ON THE LOW END OF THE CHARTS WITH HIS RENAISSANCE OF AN OLD ROY ORBISON SONG...



AND OUR EPPG? WE RETURN HIM TO THE STREET WHERE WE FOUND HIM. (ALLOW ME, IF YOU WILL, TO BRING IN A THUNDER CLOUD FOR EFFECT.)



SENSING PERHAPS HIS IMPENDING ESCAPE FROM THE BONDS OF OUR SCRUTINY (THE UNHOLY SURVEILLANCE OF INCONVERTIBLE GOD AND IMAGINARY READER), HE MOVES WITH BRISK DETERMINATION...



AS HE DISAPPEARS, WE ARE LEFT WITH THRILLING FRAGMENTS OF A NEW EPPG: THIS TIME, AN EMBITTERED, INTENTIONALLY UNFASHIONABLE, WORLD-WEARY MISANTHROPE (RECYCLING SUCCESSFUL MOVIES FROM THE PAST (JAZZ, ALCOHOLISM)). THIS WILL LEAD OF COURSE TO CRIPPLING LONELINESS WHICH IN TURN WILL LEAD TO A BRIEF MARRIAGE TO A MANIC DEPRESSIVE SCULPTRESS WHO WILL FURTHER SEND OUR BOY CAREENING LIKE A PINBALL TOWARD YET ANOTHER FUTURE OF SEEMINGLY UNLIMITED POSSIBILITIES...



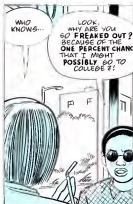
























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